

# High Adventure

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/SPRING 1979



**A SPECIAL TREK TO THE MOON**  
**HEARTBREAK HILL**  
**NEW ENGLAND CANOE EXPEDITION**  
**POINT YOUR CAMERA AT NATURE**  
**THE MOCKINGBIRD**

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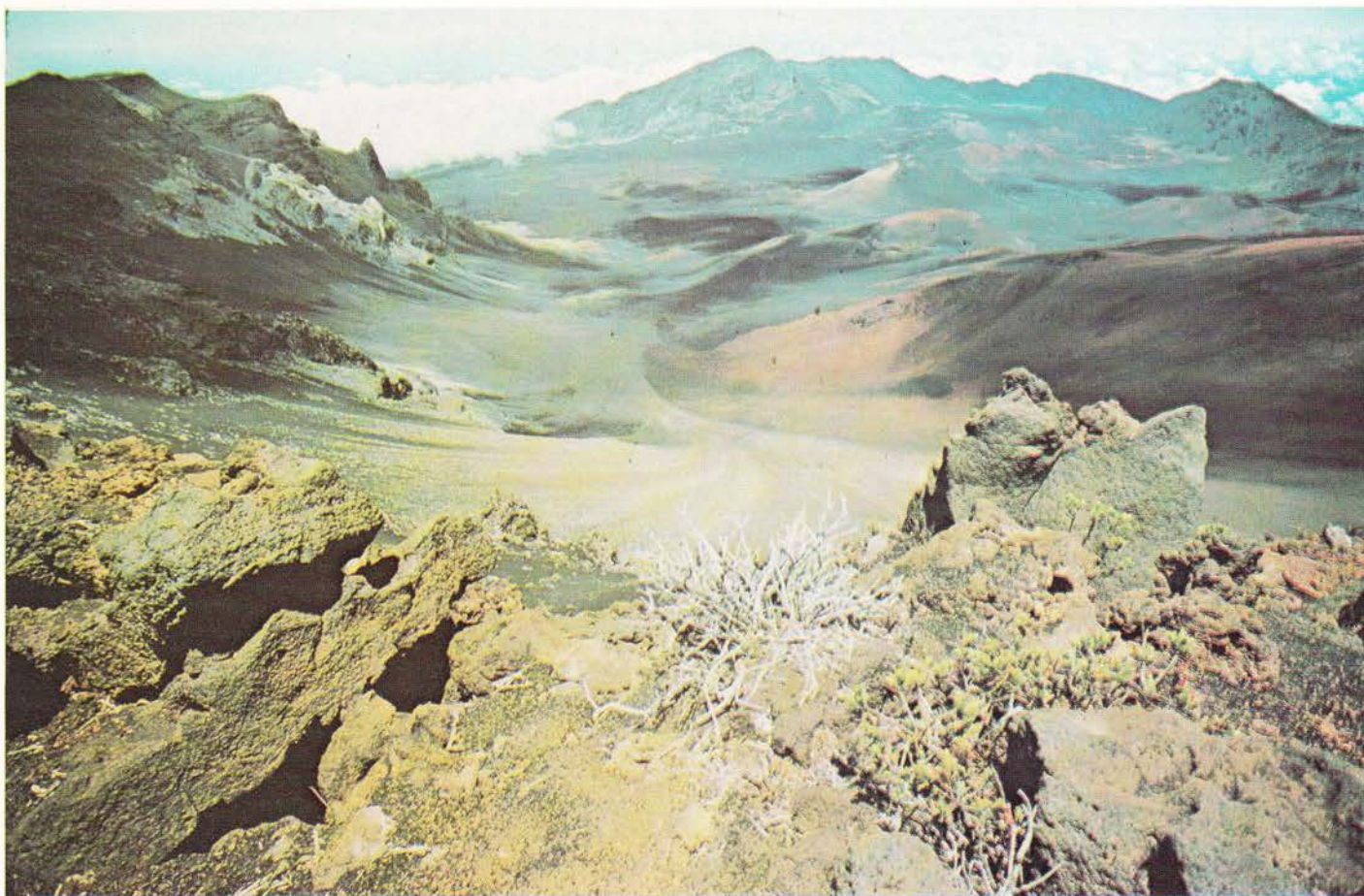
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## A SPECIAL TREK TO THE MOON FOR HIKERS

BY GARY BURK and BOB LILJESTRAND

It's possible to hike into valleys of the moon—or a decent replica thereof—without first going off into space.

On the island of Maui in the Hawaiian group, the largest dormant volcanic crater in the world is open to hikers. Many ages ago it was named Haleakala (pronounced HA-lay-ah-ka-la), which means in Hawaiian "House of the Sun."

But actually it resembles more the moon because of its craters and bubbles, and weird volcanic rock formations. In any case, a hike into Haleakala is definitely a voyage into a rare world.

But how does one get to its rim, to begin with?

From Honolulu you take an inter-island plane to Kahului, Maui, and rent a car to drive the 26 miles to the Haleakala National Park entrance.

You must make reservations in advance if you want to stay in one or all three of the cabins within the crater, located at half-day intervals, and maintained by the National Park Service. The address is: Superintendent, Haleakala National Park, Box 537, Makawao, Maui, Hawaii 96768.

Letters requesting reservations in the cabins must be made about a month and a half before the month you want the cabin. You can stay a total of three nights in one cabin, or any combination of this

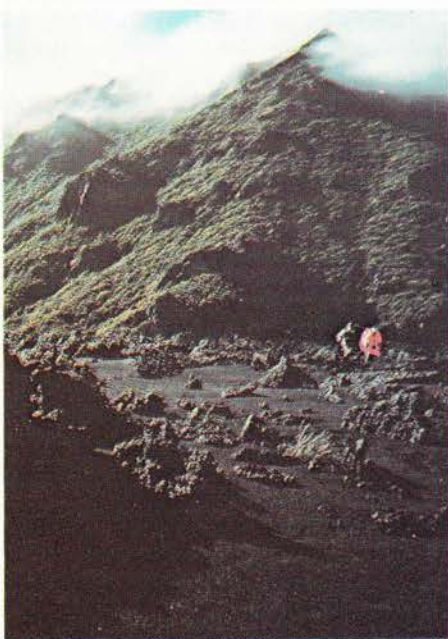
to make the three-night maximum.

Backpack camping in the crater is permitted, but only in designated areas set aside for this. No open fires are allowed and campers must bring their own shelter for cold and wet weather—in other words, it wouldn't be the last word in comfort to camp out.

The cabins, however, have blankets, water, cookstove, firewood, cooking utensils, candles, and 12 bunk beds, three in each corner of the cabin. There are out-house toilets. A cabin is reserved for only one party at a time, even if it is a group of only 2 or 3 people; the Park Service will not put more than one party in the same cabin in order to use all 12 bunks. There is a charge for the cabins of \$2 per person per night with a minimum charge of \$6 per night. Hikers must bring their own food supplies—there is no corner grocery around any park corner.

It is possible to take this trip on horseback with rented horses and guides, also arranged beforehand. There are facilities to tie or pasture the horses at each of the cabins.

A rain hat, sun hat, and particularly strong hiking shoes and warm clothing are necessities. Even on the floor of the crater it is still an altitude of 7,000 feet, so temperatures often drop down to the twenties at night even in the summer.



**Hiking the Hawaiian crater, Haleakala, is like visiting the moon**



You can shed your sweaters during the daytime when temperatures warm up to a perfect 65 degrees.

At the entrance to the park is the Park Service Headquarters where permits are issued to enter the crater, and keys to the cabins are given to you.

The Park Service recommends that you *enter* the crater via Sliding Sands Trail, and *come* out via Halemau Trail on the northern rim. Sliding Sands is too steep for climbing out at this high altitude.

It's about a five-hour hike to the first cabin on a sometimes sliding but usually hard-packed cinder trail. The cones and peaks and swirls and chasms of fiery forms begin. As far as the eye can see, you are now rimmed-in by a canyon wall, and you know you are in a wild and rare abyss.

The landscape is of indescribable shades of orange, red, brown, and sometimes black in dazzling Oriental design. Even the plant life is unique and the fauna, too—for Haleakala is the home of the silversword plant, and of the *nene*, Hawaiian goose, found only in this rare home. The *iwi*, most beautiful of all Hawaiian birds, flits about Haleakala, too, flaunting its bright scarlet body, black wings and tail, and long curved bill.

The demigod, Maui, is still haunting the place, that's obvious. Ask any Hawaiian, and he will tell you the legend. A century or more ago, Maui stood on this great mountain and caught the sun's rays in a net. When the sun pleaded for his life rays to be returned to him, Maui said he would give the sun back his rays on condition that he promised to go more slowly across the sky.

The sun complied and to this day goes slowly, like once every 24 hours, across the heavens above this special mountain now called Haleakala, the House of the Sun.

The last volcanic activity occurred a few hundred years ago. But its movement has stained and carved the land for eternity. You can trace the fiery explosion with the eye everywhere. Some mountain cones are as high 600 feet; one is 1,200 feet, that of Puu o Maui. Haleakala is 10,023 feet at its summit.



### Mists float here and there.

You hunt for something familiar, but do not find it. Nothing inside the crater is exactly real as you have up to now conceived reality. There are craters-within-craters, peaks, hills, and wide mysterious expanses of . . . is it cinders? Ebony? Ashes? Coral? Plant life? It is difficult to decide because it doesn't look like the ordinary terrain of the outside earth you are accustomed to.

THE FIRST OF THE CABINS, called Kapalaoa Cabin, will be a welcome sight after that first stretch. The cookstove is even more inviting, since the air is cooling fast, you need warmth, and food before you famish.

It is important to carry as many items as possible packaged in burnable paper—things like hot dogs, frozen vegetables, buns, snacks. All tins and bottles must be carried out of the crater.

The silence is as startling as the colors and the lava forms. It is so remarkable that at first it astounds you awake. But at last its stalking noiselessness lulls you and, rolled up in layers of blankets, you drift off to sleep.

The next morning, after breakfast cooked on the reliable wood stove, you clean up the cabin and start on the next epoch of your bizarre journey. You head for Paliku Cabin.

At Paliku the air has a tinge of dampness. It hugs the mountain world, giving it a more subtle, warmer coloring. There are delicate ohia trees in this area; the cinder earth is spotted with splatterings

of green among the rocky pockets.

Near here you will see a large pen of nene geese. Their wings are clipped so they won't fly away. The idea is to inspire them to stay home and reproduce! They were so near extinction at one time that the National Park Service led a campaign to preserve them—which was such a success that hikers can now see Hawaiian geese frequently.

There are caves here and there, but the park rangers warn you: don't go exploring in unknown caves, don't hike alone, stay on well-worn trails, be sure to wear your sun hat. The sun at this height can be ravaging.

YOU COME AT LAST TO Paliku Cabin, which is far within the eastern part of the crater. It is exactly like the first cabin, cozy as the wood fire glows, all the necessary equipment for cooking a meal is there, and blankets to roll up in.

Sunrise at Paliku sifts a brick-red glow over your crater world. It is still eerie and unreal, but at least there is something familiar to earthlings: trees and shrubs here and there to relieve the unbroken expanse of lava hills and plains.

You head for Holua Cabin and another night's stay before ascending the Halemau Trail. As you climb higher and higher on the Halemau Trail at the northern rim of the crater, the whole panorama of the crater you have just traveled over opens below. The view invites you to stop, rest, and marvel.

Mists float here and there. It is hard to know which are piled-up hills of mauve mist and which are the slender cones named Puu (hill in Hawaiian) Naue, Puu Nole, Puu Mamane. Mists go upward, and clouds climb downward to sit silently inside a craggy crater. Colors seem squeezed out of tubes of fog, like oils from tubes of paint.

This is your tranquility to keep. Pause on tough rocky edges of the path, and you are at one with the strength and cooled fire—you are marked with it forever.

At the Park Headquarters you will return the cabin keys and let the park people know you are back from your trip to the moon . . . but your personal way back will take longer; it seems you really *have* been out there somewhere in space on another planet. ♦



A young boy, with the determination to win, practices and plans his strategy, only to lose it all at . . .

## Heartbreak Hill

BY PAT CALVERT

"Strategy," coach Bartlett had drilled into Collie, "strategy—that's what wins races for a long distance runner!"

And Collie had carefully designed a strategy for tomorrow's race. "Foolproof," he told himself, "absolutely foolproof!" The only thing that really bothered him was that he knew Jefferson, Central's unbeaten long distance runner, would have planned a strategy, too. "Sure wish I knew what it was," Collie muttered as he finished his fourth practice lap around the track.

Collie passed the empty bleachers. Someday he'd run in the Olympics. Someday he'd pass bleachers just like these—only they'd be filled with a cheering crowd in Rome or Mexico City or Montreal. "Just like Paavo Nurmi,"

Collie thought, the rhythmic music of his own running feet sounding in his ears as he finished the sixth lap.

Paavo Nurmi—the name itself had a magic ring, and Collie knew The Flying Finn's story by heart. How in 1909 eight-year old Paavo had chanced to peep through a hole in the fence surrounding a boys' track club in Turku, Finland. How on that day young Paavo determined that the only thing in the world he ever wanted to be was a long distance runner.

But when Paavo was twelve his father died, leaving behind a family of five children. Paavo had to go to work as an errand boy to help support his mother and brothers and sisters. Up and down the hills of Turku he pushed his heavy delivery cart, never complaining but perhaps resenting the fate that forced him to work at such a task when luckier boys could practice at the boys' track club. Only much later did Paavo realize that days spent behind his delivery cart had helped him to develop the thighs and calves into the limbs that would eventually carry him to Olympic fame and earn for him the nickname "The Flying Finn."

"But you're not Paavo Nurmi from Turku, buddy," he reminded himself. "Or Bannister of England or Ryun of Kansas either! You're plain ol' Collie

Cochran of Malvern, Ohio and you haven't won anything—yet. But tomorrow—tomorrow you are going to beat Earl Jefferson from Central Vocational in the 5000 meter race!"

That, of course, brought back the problem of strategy. Collie knew that Jefferson was a front runner—but he was a front runner himself, or the sort of runner who did best when he was out in front, leading the field. "The fact that both of us are front runners oughta make the first minute of that race tomorrow a real mind-bender," Collie thought wryly.

He had already discussed his strategy with coach Bartlett: to drive off the starting block with a terrific burst of speed and clearly establish himself as the front runner. To shut Jefferson out right at the beginning of the race. To never give Jefferson a chance to get out in front.

"It could be a very dangerous tactic," the coach had warned. "Remember, there's one serious disadvantage to being out in front: you never know for sure what those guys behind you are up to. So you've got two choices to make. Number one, break contact with the field in the first few seconds of the race. Number two, you have to stay out in front all the way. Not most of the way or part of the way—all the way.

Collie wondered sometimes if being a sprinter wouldn't have been easier than

being a long distance runner. A sprinter didn't have to worry about tactics. A sprinter didn't have to think about pacing himself, about things like "oxygen debt." A sprinter could run flat out for his 220 yards or his 440 yards and not hassle himself with gauging his intake of fresh oxygen.

But a distance runner like himself had to perform in a state of oxygen balance—intake had to equal output. The greater the supply of freshly oxygenated blood he could deliver to his working muscles, the steadier and faster a pace he could maintain. But most important of all, he would still have plenty of gas left to deliver a hard finishing "kick" into the tape at the end of a race.

It was dumb to even think about being a sprinter at this late date, Collie admitted to himself. After all, he was Malvern Tech's only long distance runner. So if Tech was ever going to beat the unbeatable Earl Jefferson there was only one guy to do it: Collie Cochran.

"And I know I can!" Collie told himself. "I've trained like a dog; I've got the endurance; I've got the speed; I've got the strategy."

starting line, he discovered that Joe Moffitt and Jimmy Anderson separated him from Central's champion. Good. When the starting pistol went off, emitting a pinkish cloud into the air, Collie drove hard off the wooden starting block and hurtled down the track. Moffitt already dropped behind but not Anderson or Jefferson.

"I don't want to burn up a lot of gas this early in the race," Collie thought, "but I've got to get more distance between them and me." If you're going to be a front runner, coach Bartlett had warned, you've got to stay in front *all the way*. Collie accelerated his pace, hoping to force both Anderson and Jefferson back into the pack. And sure enough, Anderson fell back—but not Jefferson! Instead, it seemed to Collie that Jefferson must be tied to his elbow. "This guy must be glued to me!" Collie marveled, and began to feel the faintest tingling of anxiety in his spine.

With a sense of shock, Collie realized what had happened. He'd been out-strategied! Jefferson had intentionally let him off the block first, had waited to see what tactics Collie would use before

had called it "Heartbreak Hill." He'd already run it during practice a hundred times or more—but today, this Saturday the sixteenth of September—today was the only time that really counted!

He turned the corner at Fourth and Harley, Jefferson still glued faithfully to his elbow and the rest of the pack lagging behind by several yards. The Hill rose before both runners in gentle stages, but Collie's legs already ached unmercifully. A quick backward glance told him that now both Joe Moffitt and Jimmy Anderson had dropped out. But not Jefferson; oh, no, never Jefferson! Jefferson pumped along as fresh and efficient as when he first stepped off the block!

Collie's quadricep muscles began to shriek in protest. Then he felt needle-like pains in his shins. Shin-splints? Collie hoped not, for it would mean he'd have to quit running for several weeks while those hairline fractures healed over. Halfway up Harley Street Hill, Collie realized that Jefferson had begun to edge past him. Only an edge, hardly discernible, but Collie knew what it meant.

There was only one thing to do: Collie ran harder. He no longer ran with any



That night, after turning his twenty laps, Collie showered, massaged his legs, climbed into bed, and dreamed of two things: strategy. And victory.

Collie changed into his track clothes but kept himself apart from the other members of the team. Instead, he concentrated on what was going to happen during those first few seconds of the race. Once out on the field, Collie warmed up carefully by running in place, by doing a few deep knee bends, and by jogging around the infield. The race would begin and end here in front of the bleachers but would actually be run on a European-style course, or through the streets of Malvern.

When the 5000 meter race was announced, Collie went to his position. Until this moment, he had deliberately avoided searching the faces around him for a glimpse of Jefferson. Now, at the

planning any of his own. Jefferson's strategy had simply been not to have any tactic at all until he knew what his opponent planned to do.

"But I'm tied to my strategy," Collie thought grimly. "Tied to my foolproof strategy!"

By 3600 meters, Collie knew that he wasn't breathing properly. Anxiety had tied him up in knots. "Easy kid," he counseled himself, "You've still got the lead. You're still out in front—just don't burn yourself up before that lap gun goes off." But he knew that his oxygen balance was already out of whack: he was using much more fresh oxygen than he was taking in. Yet as soon as he tried to ease up, he could feel Jefferson relentlessly pressing him on.

And there was still The Hill to face. The Harley Street Hill. And now Collie understood only too well why other runners

kind of strategy in mind—he ran out of pure desperation, fueled only by his willpower. He could see the tip of Jefferson's shoulder even with his own nose, and from the tail of his eye could see that the other runner was sweating mightily, the cords on his neck distended like ropes under the skin. Then Collie called up the last reserves of his own energy.

But Jefferson's nonstrategy had worked only too well—Collie found that he had no reserves. Every ounce of power had long since been spent.

It was all Collie could do to hang onto second place. Even when the race was over he could not quite believe it: *you lost. You lost. You lost. . .*

Afterward, Collie stayed longer in the showers than he usually did. It was easier than facing coach Bartlett or the other runners. "At least you didn't drop out like Moffitt or Anderson," he told

himself. But it did not ease the pain of losing to remind himself that someone else had done poorly. Winning had been the only thing that mattered. Winning had been everything—losing had not been part of his strategy!

Outside, to Collie's great relief, the field and bleachers were deserted. He didn't want to have to talk to anyone. He leaned across the fence that circled the track where only last night he'd been so sure of being the kid to finally beat the unbeatable Earl Jefferson. "But he's still unbeaten," Collie mused. "Collie Cochran wasn't the one to change that."

It was several moments before Collie realized that he was not alone on the track after all; a solitary runner was practicing far down the field.

It was Jefferson, practicing even after he'd won.

Collie could hear the rhythmic whisper of track shoes on the cinders as

Central's champion approached. When Jefferson spied him there, however, he slowed his pace and stopped.

"Whew—you gave me a bad time today, Cochran," he grinned. "I wasn't sure I could take you on The Hill. . . ."

Collie smiled bleakly. "Well—you did," he observed dryly. "But you won't have to worry about doing it again."

"How come?"

"Because Heartbreak Hill won't be seeing the bottom of these feet again, that's how come. I think I'll take up badminton instead. Or maybe tiddlywinks. . . ."

Jefferson looked at him out of narrowed blue eyes. He shrugged. "Guess if you don't get back on The Hill you won't have to worry about losing," he admitted quietly. Then after a moment's silence, he added, "On the other hand, you won't have to worry about winning, either."

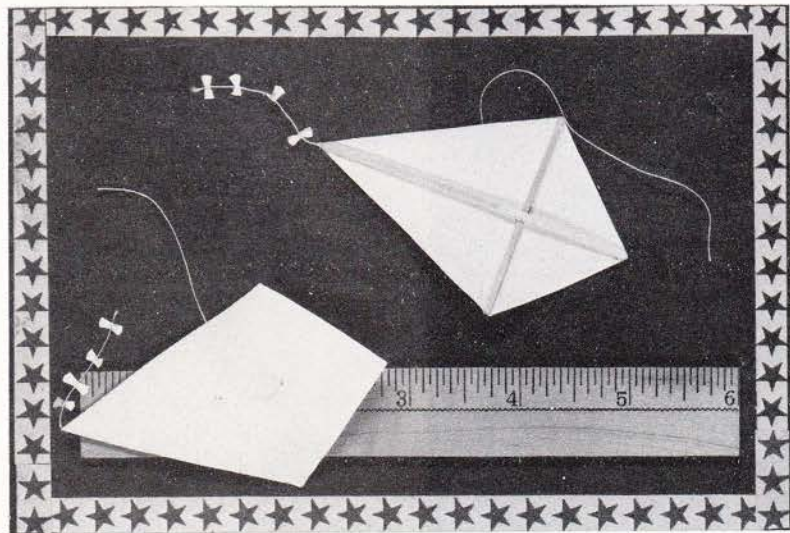
"Aw, come off it! Collie thought

peevishly. *Do you really think I buy that kind of Pollyanna junk? That if you don't take a chance on losing you don't take a chance on winning either?* The Collie Cochran who hated to lose didn't answer.

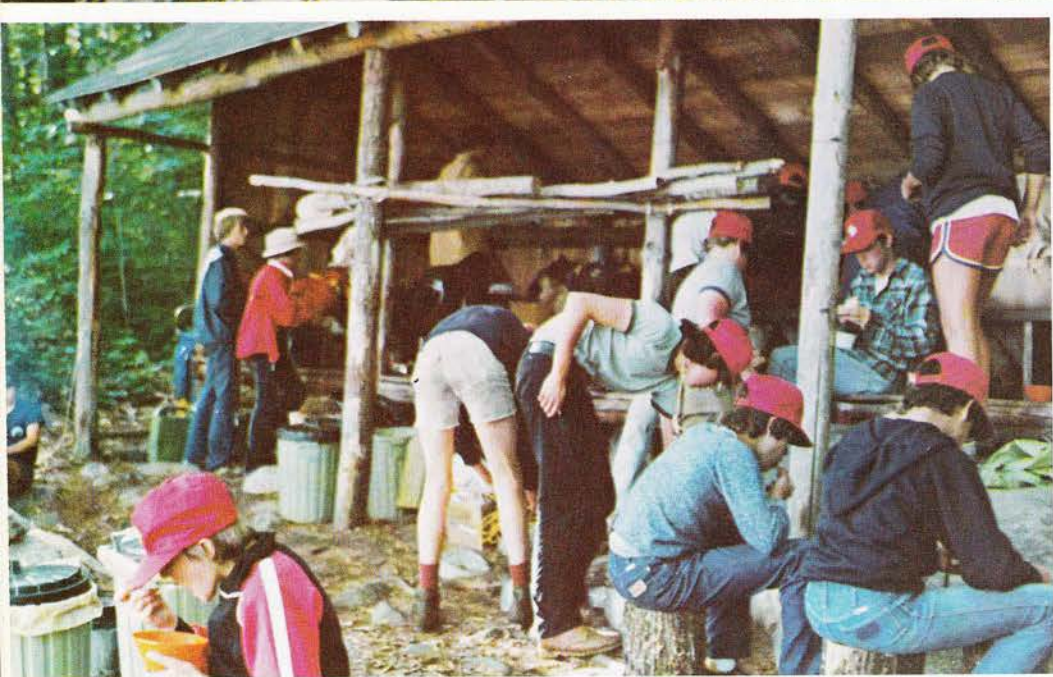
But Collie Cochran who still dreamed of someday running in the Olympics in Rome or Mexico City or Montreal yelped silently: *I buy it, I buy it!*

Collie rested his palm on the fence rail and vaulted over it onto the track. "Want a little company on the next lap?" he asked. As soon as they were running Collie felt better. Almost good. Not quite, but almost. Then he laughed out loud and spurred ahead of Central's unbeaten champ like a bar of soap across a shower room floor.

"Just remember," he called over his shoulder, "even Paavo Nurmi got beat someday!" ♦



**F**lying miniature kites is fun, but making them is almost as much pleasure. Many materials can be used successfully, but they must be lightweight. Make your kites to correct proportion and use sewing thread to control them while flying. People watching a miniature kite fly are easily deceived. Many of them think it is a regular-sized kite, flying so high it looks small. So, have fun!



Men and boys splash their canoes through the cool wilderness waters (above). Boys hungrily gobble down breakfast, anxious to get on with the day's activities (left). On opposite page (from top), a boy watches his buddies return from a practice adventure. A watermelon makes a refreshing treat on a hot summer day. A tent pitched amidst the many pine trees gives these boys a special temporary home base.





Rangers in Action:

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**OUTDOOR SKILLS TO THE TEST**

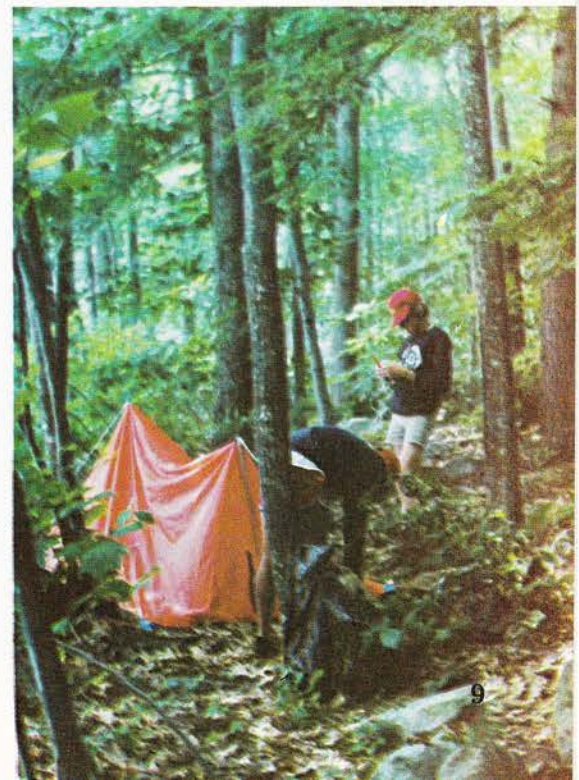
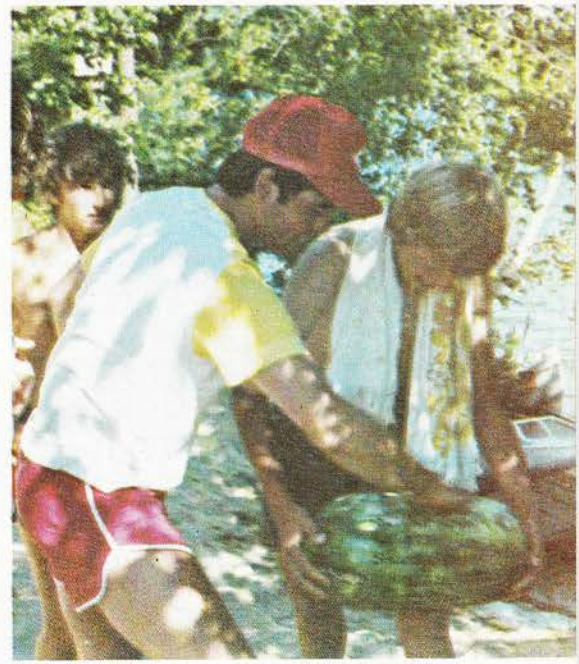
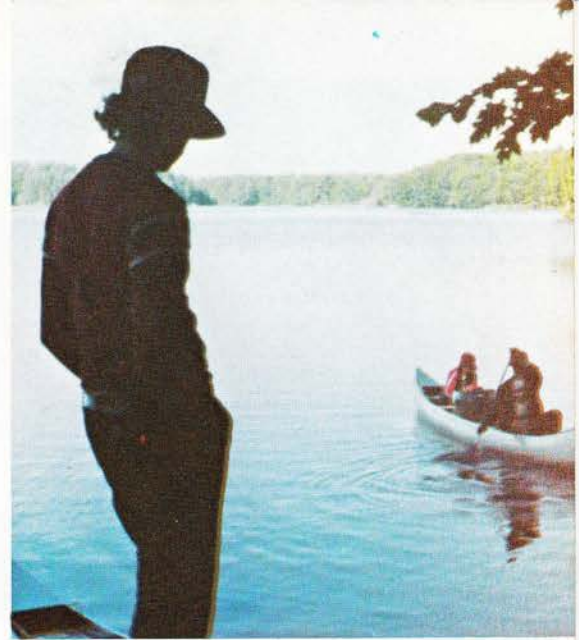
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# **NEW ENGLAND CANOE EXPEDITION**

In July of 1978, Royal Rangers of the Southern New England District splashed and paddled their way through six days of outstanding adventure. The occasion was the District Canoe Expedition, held in the wilderness canoe waters of New Hampshire. Most of the activities were on Squam Lake in the beautiful White Mountains.

Before leaving, each of the 14 canoeists were given training on how to: paddle, steer, pack, launch, land and portage a canoe. During the fun-filled days, a Red Cross basic canoe course was conducted. Certificates were awarded to those who successfully completed the course.

Each participant was given the responsibility of alternating duties, such as portaging, paddling, tent-pitching, cooking and packing. Each patrol selected a name, made flags, bolo ties and their own canoe song. Beautiful scenery, fun and fellowship filled the day. Each night an inspiring council fire was made, which resulted in many of the boys making a new dedication to Christ. Special thanks to Commander Ken O'Bert. ☺



# Bicycle Touring

BY JEFF MARTIN

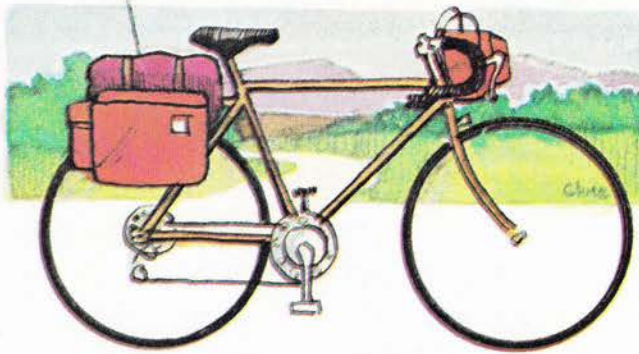
## Planning.

The most important part of a bicycle tour begins before leaving the driveway. The journey itself is not as important as the preparation for it. Planning the trip carefully and far in advance is the correct way to arrive at your destination quickly and efficiently.

It is most important to get yourself in shape before you begin. Practice is required in bicycle riding just as in any other sport. You cannot jump into long distances. Taking short trips first and working your way up gradually is a good way to get in shape. It is best to start with ten or fifteen miles a day and finish with fifty or sixty.

A twenty-five or thirty mile course close to your home should be mapped out. Circle this track as many times as you need to equal the distance you will be riding. This way if you tire you will know more practice is needed and easily walk home.

The type of bicycle makes a difference too. Riding a ten speed is very important. Because of the thin, high pressure tires and the multi-speed gearing system, a



ten speed makes riding long distances much easier and quicker. The bike enables you to keep up a constant pace in wind or on a calm day. They are also very light and good for carrying things such as sleeping and bicycle bags.

While planning the actual route on a ten speed, there are some things to consider. Although preparation can be almost as much fun as riding, make sure when mapping out the trip you do not bite off more than the group can collectively chew. If you haven't practiced riding in hilly places, don't attempt to journey through mountainous country. This

will exhaust you in no time at all. Locate roads that are smooth and bicycle safe.

When planning the trip try to map out a route which is a good distance away from any large bodies of water. The coastal head winds will blow off the water and make riding difficult and frustrating.

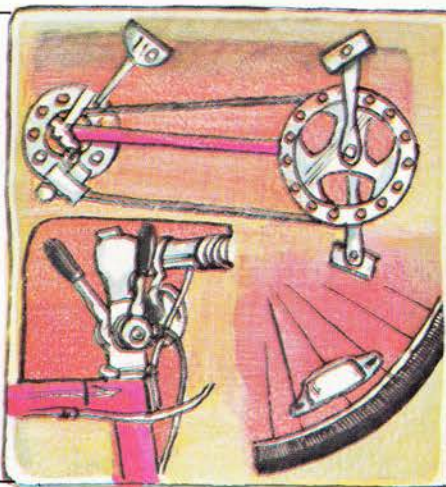
On the map being used mark clearly the stopping places and sleeping grounds. This will show when you can expect a resting place instead of riding until you are overtired. Using this method, you will be well rested for the travel that is still to come and will not be completely exhausted.

## Tuning up.

A cyclist cannot attain his goal worry free without a well tuned bicycle. A good rider begins three or four weeks before the trip to tune up his bike.

Tires must be well treaded and cannot be cracked. Otherwise they should be replaced. A bent rim can rob the rider of valuable power which will cause loss of time over a number of miles.

The chain on the bike must be well oiled and free of annoying stuck links. Also the crank, hubs and head set must be well greased and the bearings within them in good shape. No sound should come from the hubs or crank when the



bicycle is pedalled.

Sticks and squeeks in the derailleurs must be oiled so shifting gear happens easily and quickly. Both cables should be oiled along with the derailleurs.

Clean the brakes so they will not stick or rub up against the rim, although brake shoes should be only one eighth inch away from it. Reflectors should be attached to the brakes and spokes and a light should be connected to the front fork or handlebars. This should assure the safety of the rider at night. With everything in order, the bike will be ready for the road.

## Packing.

Packing snacks in a smaller bike bag which attaches to the front handlebars makes easy access to food. Some foods help build energy for the biker along the way and fill an empty stomach. Here are just a few: hard boiled eggs, fruit, cookies and dried beef sticks.

A fruit drink brought along in a bike bottle gives energy and washes down the food as well. You may want to stop in a restaurant for a refill.

The evening before the trip everything should be packed. Upon arising all that is needed is a good breakfast. I found this to be oatmeal, toast and orange juice

for plenty of riding energy.

Packing correctly is often a difficult task. It is important in the handling of the bike that the weight of the things you are taking stays near the ground. Choose a carrier which fits over the back tire. This holds two bicycle bags which go on either side. They are roomy, keep weight off your back, and put the rider in better control. Things placed in this knapsack can unbalance the cyclist and cause an accident. A sleeping bag can be attached to the top of the carrier.

Whenever going on an overnight bike trip, leave the heavy tents, stove, and

pots at home. A small light pan and a bunsen burner are all that is needed for cooking. For something to sleep under a plastic paint sheet strung between two trees will be lighter than a tent and will work as well.

The carrier bike bags can hold clothes, personal items, cooking utensils, most of the food and a makeshift tent.

You should be prepared for every emergency arising on the trip and take along the proper tools. This list should cover most of them.

Inner tube  
Screwdriver

CONTINUED

- Allen wrenches
- Needlenose pliers
- Chain riveter
- Bike pump
- Cables
- Oil and rag
- Brake pads
- 6" adjustable wrench
- Tire repair kit

**Beginning.**

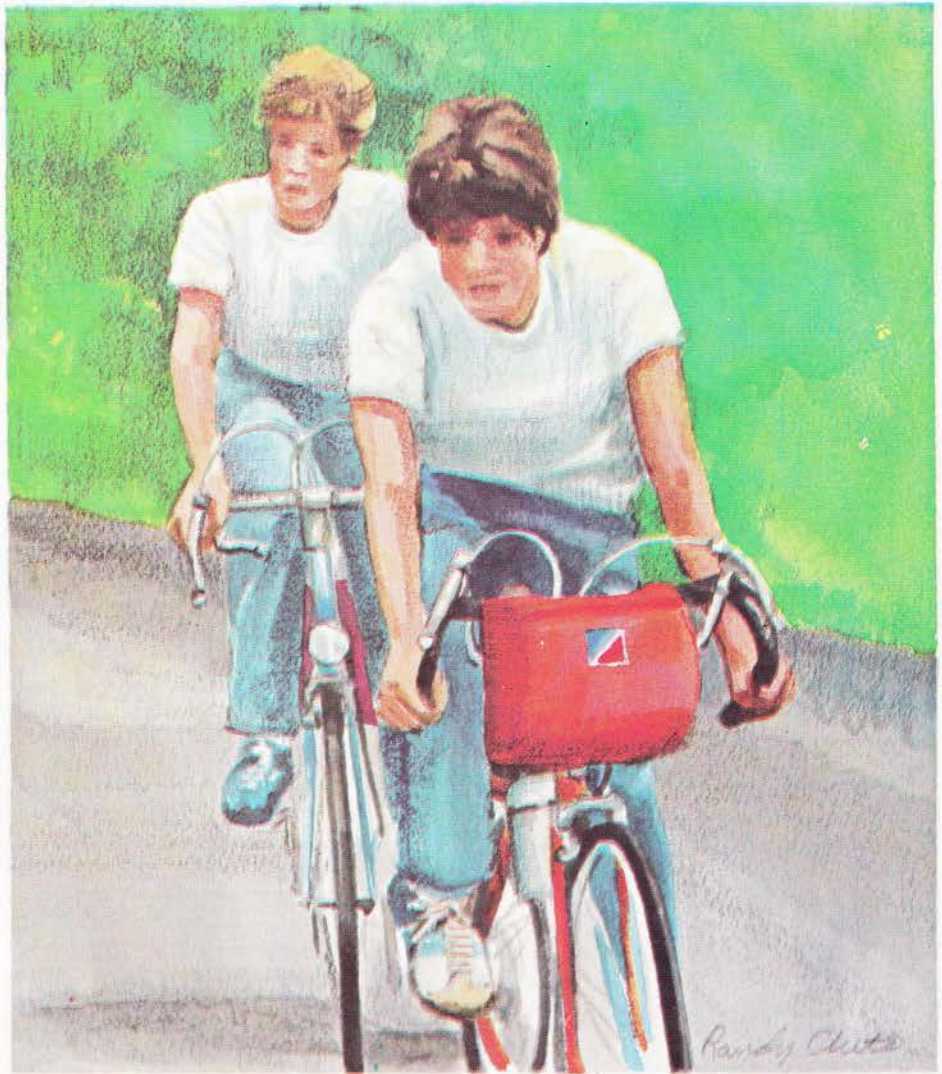
When beginning the journey, pace yourself properly so that you do not become tired. Take your time. If you are in good shape to handle it, try to ride one hundred miles a day. This is a good average.

On windy days, use a slipstream method of riding. This will be easier and help you to avoid tiring quickly. Allow the person breaking the wind to switch to the rear often. This method is not beneficial in mountainous country. Standing up can be a help sometimes on steep hills. This puts the rider's power directly over the pedals and saves energy.

It is important as mentioned earlier to rest often, even when you are not tired to avoid exhaustion. Eat when not hungry because your body will burn energy quickly.

Don't tire yourself out trying to reach your destination and not be able to get back home. This can prove embarrassing.

Upon returning home you will probably discover that all the practice and preparation was worth it and want to ride twice as far next time.



# ATTENTION RANGERS

DO YOU HAVE YOUR '78 NATIONAL CAMPORAMA KNIFE?

If you missed purchasing your "78 National Camporama" knife, here's your chance. We still have a limited number of these knives available. Made by Swiss Master, this sportsman knife is a four bladed utility knife with a large blade, can and bottle opener, reamer, and screwdriver. These knives are collector's items so every Royal Ranger will want one of his own. Order now, while quantities last.

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# QUESTION QUIZZES

BY EVELYN WITTER

## ANSWERS ON PAGE 15

### march

Write the answers to the following quiz, and the first letters will tell you the answer to the big, puzzling March question. The March question is: What will the first robin you see be chirping about?

1. On March 17th we remember a famous person who lived in Ireland. What was the name of this man?
2. Baseball teams are generally organized in March. What will your team call the player who throws the ball to the batter?
3. Fishermen are getting ready for the season ahead. What do they call the round device they wind their fishing lines on?
4. March is the time when eggs are put into big machines for hatching. What are the machines called?
5. March is a good time for field trips in the science of studying objects of nature. What is such a study called?
6. If you have a March party what color will be most appropriate for your decorations?

### april

Write the answers to the following quiz, and the first letters will tell you the answer to the big, puzzling April question. The April question is: What would be right for you to carry with you almost any day during the month of April?

1. What do you call the person who rules on the plays of a baseball game?
2. What April game do you play on your knees?
3. What do tulips grow out of?
4. What famous Revolutionary hero took a well-known midnight ride in April?
5. On what Sunday in April do we hunt for eggs?
6. What flower is one of the most popular flowers around Easter time?
7. You will probably be setting out tomato plants in your garden this month. What was the early name for tomato?
8. A day is set aside in most States for planting trees in April. What is this day called?

### may

Write the answers to the following quiz, and the first letters will tell you the answer to the big, puzzling May question. The May question is: What lips will be redder than yours this month?

1. It will soon be the end of the semester. What is another name for a certain period into which instruction is organized?
2. With spring cleaning underway everything has to be cleaned, even bric-a-brac. What's another name for the certain kind of vases included as bric-a-brac?
3. In May some students get moody and seem to take no interest in anything. What word describes this "springfever" mood?
4. An after school job will increase the money that comes in. What is the word for steady money coming in?
5. The scenery in May makes you want to paint and draw. What is the word for a painting or drawing?
6. May time is planting time. What do we call the tiny little parts of plants that we put in the ground?





# Point Your Camera at Nature

BY GROVER BRINKMAN

There are so many things at which to focus your camera: your friends, all the beautiful historical scenes you find during vacation days; autumn colors, school sports and athletic events, all delightful snapshotting subjects that give you hours of fun at a very worthwhile hobby. But as you advance in camera technique, you'll find yourself constantly searching for more unusual pictures, as well as difficult shots, the securing of which give you something to really shout about.

Practically eighty percent of all the teenagers in America have cameras, and this article is addressed to them with the hope that those of you who read this, and do not as yet own a camera, will find an opportunity to purchase one soon, and enjoy its many advantages. If it's a matter of money, remember there are good used cameras on the market as well.

A famous outdoors photographer once said that he derived his greatest thrill in pointing his camera at nature. Surely nature offers both young and old splendid camera subjects such as animal and bird shots, flowers, forests, reptiles, insects, as well as the beauty of God's own green fields, murmuring brooks, and majestic mountain panoramas.

There is fun in securing nature photographs you'll get in no other way. But don't forget it also takes a lot of patience.

When you page through a magazine and see some breathless nature shot, you can rest assured that unless it was a lucky accident, the photographer spent hours in getting his picture. Take for example, the photo of the woodchuck's head, cautiously peering from its den. This was an easy picture. One could have duplicated it with the cheapest camera, for the light was good, and the subject was nearby, entirely motionless at the time the shutter clicked. It didn't take a fast shutter to stop the action here, nor an expensive lens to put the animal's image on film.

But don't forget it took time, and patience as well.

The writer happened to be strolling through the woods, following a creek, when suddenly there was a blur of movement far up ahead. Then the woodchuck's den was spotted, with fresh earth heaped in front of it. The blurred movement had been a woodchuck, fleeing to its den. If the animal was inside the den, it would come out—eventually.

So a camera setup was made about ten feet from the den, to windward of course. The camera was on a rigid tripod, focused on the den. The writer sat back to wait, one finger on a cable release. Time passed. It was imperative to sit very still, a graven image in fact. Birds chirped in



the trees above, a fox squirrel started chattering noisily in a big hickory tree, high above. But no woodchuck!

Patience was growing thin, and it was already late afternoon, with the light falling fast. A glance at my wristwatch showed the passage of nearly two hours.

And then it happened! Slowly but surely Mr. Woodchuck poked its nose out of its den. It darted back, disappeared. My chance had been muffed. Then the little animal came out a second time, still exploring, very cautious. Slowly it raised its head from the den, but would come no further.

Well, it was now or never. The cable was pressed, the strobe light flashed, and Mr. Woodchuck dived back under-

ground. But the image was on the film—at least I hoped. Time spent: two hours, eighteen minutes. But it was worth it.

The photo of the opossum in the old milk can was obtained just before dawn. A hen's nest was in the can, and this farmer knew something was robbing it. So a predawn setup was made, and sure enough, here came the opossum on its egg hunt. Again the strobe light flashed, and Mr. Opossum was on film.

Stalking wildlife with your camera is much better than stalking with a gun. Animals, birds, reptiles, frogs, turtles, to name just a few—are some of the finest camera subjects found anywhere. But remember it takes patience and determination to get good poses.

Perhaps you have a bird feeder near your kitchen window. Fill it with sunflower seeds, and get ready to photograph a red cardinal some snowy morning. Wild things are shy, but most of them can be tamed, with food and kindness. Putting wildlife on film is a rewarding hobby.

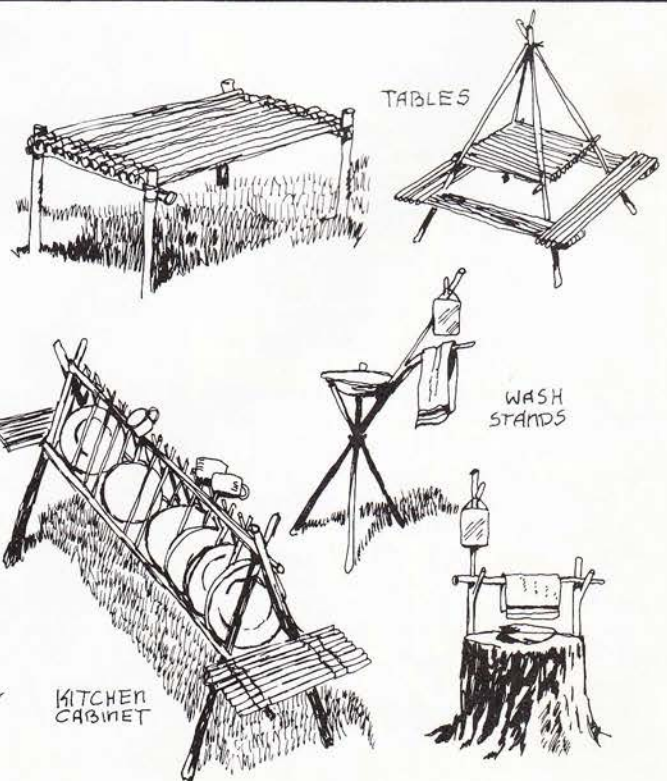
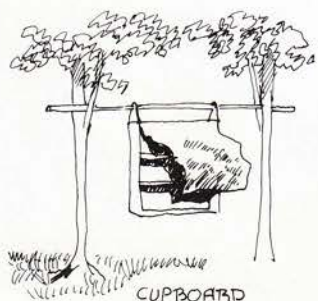
And don't forget the nation's natural resources, its mountains, streams, canyons. Many great pictures have been made in Monument Valley in Arizona, at Yellowstone, Glacier, and many of our other national parks. Pictures are everywhere, waiting for your camera. What better hobby could you have?

Good hunting to you—via a camera!



## GADGETS FOR PERMANENT CAMPS

by John Eller



# Comedy Corner



A mother insisted that her 10 year-old son take his younger sister fishing.  
 "Last time she came along, I didn't catch a single fish," he complained.  
 "This time she promised not to say a word all afternoon," said the mother.  
 "It wasn't the noise, Mom" explained the boy. "She ate all the bait."  
 Henry Leabo  
 Jamestown, CA

*Patient:* "Why do you whistle when you operate, doctor?"  
*Doctor:* "It helps take my mind off my work."  
 Pat Harrington  
 West Hartford, CT



"Waiter," exclaimed the angry diner, "you've got your thumb on my steak!"  
 "Yes," said the waiter, "I don't want it to fall on the floor again."  
 Pat Harrington  
 West Hartford, CT

*Mac:* "I failed in every one of my tests except biology."  
*Jack:* "How is it that you passed biology?"  
*Mac:* "Because I didn't take biology."  
 Henry Leabo  
 Jamestown, CA



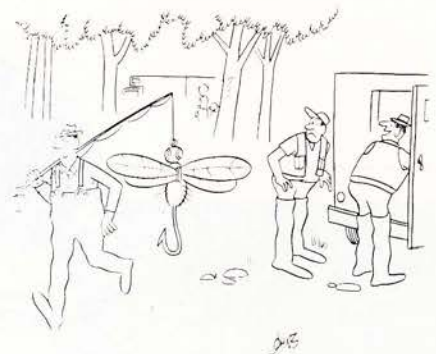
"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M PLAYING HOOKEY THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING, MR. ROSS?"



"NOT TALKATIVE, ARE YOU?"



"NOW I THINK YOU'RE GETTING THE HANG OF IT."



"JUST WHAT DO YOU SEE THE SIDE OF THE TROUT IN THIS RIVER?"

An astronaut landed on Mars. He approached two weird-looking men. "I saw your friend watching me from my spaceship through that weird-looking telescope," he told the first man.  
 "Don't be silly," replied the Martian, "he's just drinking a Coke."  
 Pat Harrington  
 West Hartford, CT

A man walked into a clothing store: "What can I do for you, sir?" asked a clerk. "I'd like to try on that suit in the window," the man answered.  
 "Well, sir," said the clerk, "we'd prefer that you use the dressing room."  
 Pat Harrington  
 West Hartford, CT

- Answers to Question Quizzle (March)
1. S aint Patrick
  2. P itcher
  3. R eels
  4. I ncubators
  5. N atural History
  6. G reen .....SPRING!

- Answers to Question Quizzle (April)
1. U mpire
  2. M arbles
  3. B ulbs
  4. R evere
  5. E aster
  6. L ily
  7. L ove apple
  8. A rbor Day .....UMBRELLA!

- Answers to Question Quizzle (May)
1. T erm
  2. U rn
  3. L istless
  4. I ncome
  5. P icture
  6. S eeds .....TULIPS!

*Billy:* "Let's go over and cheer up Johnny."  
*Jimmy:* "What's he sad about?"  
*Billy:* "He has a complex and thinks everyone is trying to avoid him."  
*Jimmy:* "Why doesn't he talk to the school counselor?"  
*Billy:* "He can't seem to get an appointment with him."  
 Henry Leabo  
 Jamestown, CA

Two houseflies were talking and the first said, "Sylvester, aren't people funny?"  
 "Yes, George," said Sylvester, "but what made you think about it just now?"  
 "Well," replied George, "I was just thinking how much money they spend building a beautiful ceiling like this—and then they walk on the floor."  
 Henry Leabo  
 Jamestown, CA

# THE MOCKINGBIRD

BY MURIEL LARSON

**"The mockingbird is filled with God's gift of song. The Christian imitator of his Lord Jesus Christ is filled with God's love and joy."**



The sun shines brightly and the grass is covered with diamonds of dew. Suddenly the clear morning air is pierced with the sweet song of a bird. "What kind of bird is it?" we wonder. We try to discern the pattern of song.

But now it changes! It's a new song. But it is as sweet as the one before. And as we listen for a while and hear numerous arrangements, we realize it's a mockingbird. We run to see what it looks like. A bird that sings that sweetly must surely be gorgeous!

But no, this little bird that's singing its heart out in lovely imitation is no beauty. It's just a plain bird, its upper parts a light gray color, with wings and tail nearly black.

And many of the best imitators of Christ and all that is commendable in His followers are just plain people. They may not be especially intelligent (although some are). They may not be great, as the world deems great (although some are). They may not be physically attractive (although some are).

But the beauty of Christ shines forth out of them. The many facets of His beauty reach out and touch others in various ways. Here there is loving-kindness shown. There is a comforting word. Again infinite patience causes a non-Christian to marvel.

The qualities of Christ are reproduced in this kind of Christian because the Holy Spirit has been allowed to have full sway in this life. These qualities reach out to succor, comfort, and amaze others—love, peace, joy, patience, goodness, gentleness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control. When we see these in a person, we say, "There is a real Christian!"

The Apostle Paul was able to say to the Corinthians as well as the Ephesians, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. 11:1).

The mockingbird needs to make no great effort to sing his sweet songs of imitation. It comes natural to him. So it comes natural to the person who has allowed himself to be filled with the love of Christ to be an "imitator" of Christ. For love, God's love in one's heart, is the basic ingredient of all the other "fruits of the Spirit." If a person has genuine love for God and others, he will doubtless have the other qualities mentioned in Galatians 5:22, 23. The Bible says:

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. . . . It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails (1 Cor. 13:4-8, NIV).

The mockingbird is filled with God's gift of song. The Christian imitator of his Lord Jesus Christ is filled with God's love and joy.